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READ Mr. McLean's letter. See how one-half bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure earned him \$50. The other half of the bottle will earn him even more. Many men make a business of buying lame horses and curing them up with Kendall's. Then they sell at a big profit.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

and be ready to cure cases of Curb, Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Bony Growth or Humors. From 10 to 30 or other causes. Thousands of other Farmers and stock raisers have been doing it for over 35 years. It's the old, reliable, sure cure. Get a bottle at once and see how much it will save or make for you. At drug stores or a bottle for \$5. Ask your druggist for book, "Treatise on the Horse," or write to DR. J. H. KENDALL, COMPANY, Enosburg Falls, Vermont.

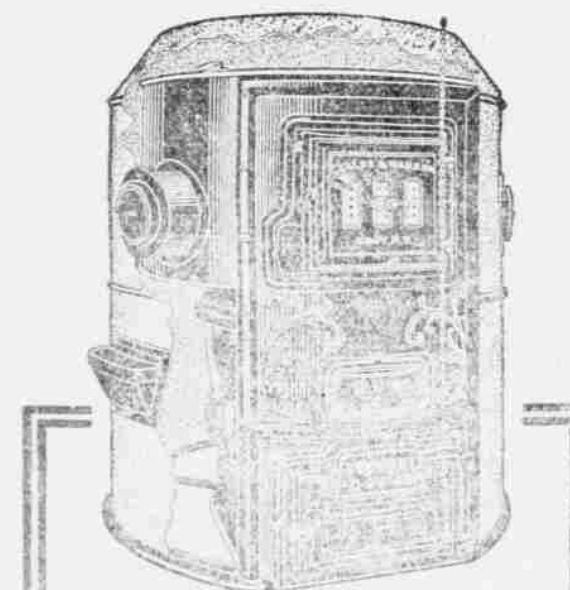
10% Discount on all tires in stock. Phone 54 rin. Vulcanizing a specialty. Ford Mats \$1.25. Tool Boxes \$2.50. THE LINDSAY GARAGE WEST DER Y, VT.

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Fred D. Pierce Has So much Faith in This Dyspepsia Remedy That He Guarantees It.

One of the greatest successes in the sale of medicine has been achieved by Mi-o-na, the standard dyspepsia remedy, and its sale is increasing so rapidly that F. D. Pierce, the popular druggist, has had to work to keep a stock on hand. It is very popular with bankers, ministers, lawyers and others whose business or profession keeps them closely confined, while those who have brought on indigestion through irregular eating, worry or other causes, have found relief in this reliable remedy. Mi-o-na comes in tablet form and is sold in a metal box especially designed for convenience in carrying the medicine in the pocket or purse. It is pleasant to take, gives quick relief and should help any case, no matter how long a standing. This remedy has been so uniformly successful that Fred D. Pierce will in future sell Mi-o-na under a positive guarantee to refund the money if it should not prove entirely satisfactory.

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are economical to install and operate. They are gas, smoke and dust proof. Insure a good supply of fresh, warm air. Let us submit plans and quote our price to you.

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The Married Life of Helen and Warren

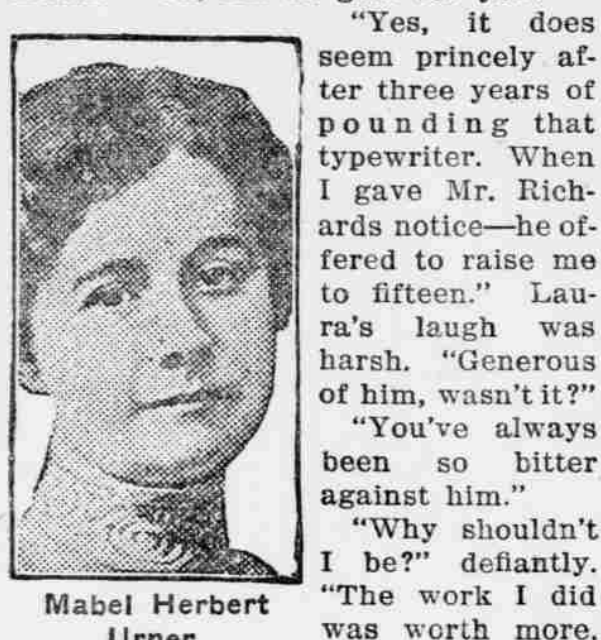
By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life" Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Helen's Vanity Receives a Blow When She Sees Her Gowns on a Younger Woman

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Thirty dollars a week?" repeated Helen. "Oh, I'm so glad for you!"



Mabel Herbert Urner.

Now I'm through. Didn't I glory in telling him?"

"But these moving picture people—how did you get in touch with them?" "Mr. Carr boarded where I did last winter. He thought then he could get me in—but only as an extra. They pay five dollars a day, but the work's uncertain and I was afraid to risk it. Last week he called up and said there was a chance in the regular company; to come right over and see Mr. Stanley, the director."

"And he engaged you at once?" "No, I'd no experience except that one week with the Universal. But they were to take some pictures in Jersey the next day, Sunday, and he said he'd try me out. I was terrified. I felt everything depended on my work that day. But it was cloudy and they didn't do much, so I had only one scene. Monday they put me in stock at thirty a week. Now it's up to me to make good."

"Oh, you will," encouraged Helen, warmly. "I know you will." "If only I had some clothes! I need an evening gown desperately. They lent me one for a supper scene, but it was a mile too big."

"Why, I'll gladly lend you any of mine."

"Oh, I didn't mean that." Then impetuously, "But if you could—until I have a chance to get some—"

"You know I'd love to. Come in here, we'll look over what I have."

Her best gowns Helen kept in the large hall closet. And now she took down several from their hangers and turned them right side out.

"You've so many!" "Oh, how attractive! I love this!" Laura held up a pale blue chiffon, with a knife-plaited underskirt.

"That's old. I got that in London on our first trip, three years ago. Look how badly it's worn—the chiffon's all pulled in front."

"But that wouldn't show in the pictures. It doesn't matter if they're soiled or worn, it's only the style and material that show."

"Try it on," urged Helen. "No, sir, you can't be there!" lifting Pussy Pur-Mew from the soft tuftiness of a white chaise longue.

Slipping out of her shirtwaist and skirt, Laura, radiantly expectant, raised the blue chiffon over her head.

"Your corset cover's too high," as Helen started to hook the gown. "Wait, I can turn it in."

"Oh, it's so graceful—and it just fits me! I'm wild about it!"

"It does look well. I didn't think we were so near the same size."

"What're you two doing in there?" called Warren, who always resented being left alone in the evening.

"Laura's trying on some of my gowns. She may have to borrow one for the pictures." Then impulsively, "Go let Warren see you in that."

Aglow with excitement, Laura ran into the library.

"Great!" laying down his paper. "Say, that's stunning on you! Suits you better than it does Helen."

Helen knew this was true, but she shrank from having it put into words. Though they had been schoolmates, Laura, with her cloudy hair and vivid coloring, was several years younger; and, beside her, Helen felt suddenly colorless and old.

When she tried on the next gown, she whirled about before the mirror, then darted off with a joyous "I want Mr. Curtis to see this one."

"Turn around," commanded Warren. "Jove, you can wear Helen's clothes all right. That suits you to a T."

Helen had grown very quiet. She was genuinely fond of Laura, but she could not keep back the vague bitterness that every woman feels toward another who is younger and more striking.

As she hooked Laura into the last gown, she glanced over her shoulder into the glass. Yes, she looked older, decidedly older.

"I shouldn't think of borrowing this—it's too new and fresh."

"Oh, you wouldn't hurt it." Helen tried to be generous.

"No—no, one of the others will do just as well."

This time when she ran in for Warren's approval, Helen did not go with her. Instead, she stood waiting by the dresser, slowly sticking the pins

in the pin cushion into a long even row.

"I've had nothing but shirtwaists for so long"—Laura now came in to be unhooked—"it's a joy to know I can wear something else."

Thoughtfully Helen hung back the gowns. She ought to give Laura the blue one—give it to her outright. She could not wear it as it was, and it was hardly worth a new overskirt.

Had their places been reversed, she knew that Laura, with her reckless liberality, would have given it to her without a thought. But it was always hard for her to part with her clothes. Her desire to hold on to things was a failing that she had constantly to strive against.

She had hung up the blue gown, but now she forced herself to take it down again.

"Laura, I'm going to give you this. It's selfish to talk of lending it when I've so many. No, please don't," checking Laura's effusive thanks. "And you'll need some satin slippers," swept on by her own generosity. "I wonder if I haven't a pair you can wear."

"It doesn't matter how soiled they are."

"Try these."

Laura took off her shoe and struggled with the slender white slipper. If Warren could see her now, was Helen's thoroughly feminine wish.

"No," ruefully. "I can't begin to get it on. I knew I couldn't," generously. "But I can buy slippers, the dress is the main thing."

"How'll you carry it? In a box? Or shall I just wrap it up?"

"Anyway," heedlessly. "I'm wild about that knife-plaited skirt. Look, how full it is! Oh, that can't be half-past ten!"

"That's all right. Warren'll take you to the car."

"No, he won't. I'm not a bit afraid. Oh, that paper's good enough. Don't worry about the bundle, I don't care what it looks like."

When she was ready to go, in spite of her protests, Warren insisted on going to the car.

At the elevator she kissed Helen gratefully.

"I can't tell you how much this means to me just now. I've got to make good in the next few weeks, and having the right kind of clothes will help."

Left alone, Helen went straight to the hall closet and again took out the gowns. Throwing them on the bed in her room, she began to try them on.

Turning on a stronger light, with pitiless scrutiny she noted every defect. Her features were as good and her profile more delicate than Laura's, but her coloring was less vivid and her hair less effective.

Helen's hair had always been a trial, for it was overdone, clinging and uncompromisingly straight. Shaking it down, she did it up more loosely and fluffed it out with a comb. Then, rubbing her cheeks with her knuckles until they glowed, she stood back from the mirror to get the full-length effect.

In her absorption she had not heard Warren come in. And now she started violently as he appeared at the door of her room.

"Mighty fine that Laura's landed that job. If she can hold that down for a few months—she'll be all right."

"Yes, I'm so glad. She always loathed stenography," gathering up the dresses from the bed in an effort to hide the one she had on.

"She's got an expressive face, good film face, I should say. Never saw her dolled-up before. Makes a big difference. Glad you gave her that dress. Now hurry up, get those things put away—it's after eleven."

He had turned away without having noticed Helen's gown. But her relief was only momentary, for he promptly came back.

"Say, we'll have to find out when they run some of those films—then as his glance took in the gown, 'What in thunder! What're you rigging up for—this time of night?'"

"Oh, nothing," confusedly. "I just thought I'd try this on," unhooking it with nervous fumbling fingers.

But Warren's keen gaze had penetrated her flushed confusion.

"Hello, that's it, eh? Thought Laura looked better in those duds than you did? Well you are a little nippy!"

"I know Laura's younger, and I know they did look better on—" her voice broke.

"For the love of Mike! Can you beat that! See here, if there's one thing you can't sidestep—it's getting old! If that's all you've got to worry about—you're blame lucky."

"Oh, I dread to get old!" passionately. "I can't bear to feel I'm not as—" Three long strides brought Warren across the room.

"Look in there!" pushing her unwillingly in front of the mirror. Against the dark background of his shoulder, with her flushed cheeks and rumpled hair, Helen looked young—amazingly young—twenty at most.

"Not quite ready for the old ladies' home, eh? Well, as long as your hair and teeth stay in—don't worry. Now, let's get to bed."

CALEDONIA COUNTY.

Fire Oct. 25 destroyed the house and barn of Harry R. Thomas, on Maple street in Hardwick. Quite a quantity of the household goods were saved. The cause of the fire is unknown.

The big scale factory of E. & T. Fairbanks & Company, which covers 13 acres of floor space at St. Johnsbury, is working night and day, 200 extra men being employed besides the regular help. Big orders for scales of various kinds have been received, and the plant is being worked to its limit.

The Rev. Clarence A. Simmons of Lyndonville has been called to the pastorate of the Universalist church at Barnard. It is expected that he will accept. Mr. Simmons has been pastor at Lyndonville for ten years. He is the son of the Rev. J. F. Simmons, for many years pastor of the Universalist church at Woodstock. The Barnard parish is the oldest in the state.

Mr. and Mrs. William Breed Johnson of St. Johnsbury celebrated their golden wedding Friday with a family dinner party. Both are in frail health so the observance was quiet. Mr. Johnson is 79, a native of Unity, N. H., and has been a resident of St. Johnsbury since 1872. He was a prosperous farmer and ice dealer and retired from business a few years ago. His wife was Miss Aurilla A. McNeil. She was born in Sutton 71 years ago. Their marriage took place in East Burke. Five of their children are living. Perley A., Elwin N. and Charles W. Johnson, all of Newport, N. H.; Herbert N., of Rapid City, S. D.; and Mrs. Harry W. Nelson of St. Johnsbury. With the exception of the son in South Dakota, the children, in their families, were present at the family party.

WEST BURKE

Mrs. John McFarland of St. Johnsbury visited in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Drew of Barnet visited in town last week.

Mrs. Myrtle Hall has recently given her house a fine new coat of paint.

Mrs. Cora Chamberlin of Hardwick visited relatives and friends in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hall entertained their nephew, Mr. Grow, of Barton last week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Marshall left Monday for California, where they plan to spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bruce of St. Johnsbury have moved into Levi Dean's tenement for the winter.

The Women's club spent a most pleasant afternoon at the home of Mrs. Emma and Bertha Way Saturday.

Mrs. Aldrich has returned to Lyndonville to help care for her daughter, Mrs. Roundy, who is improving slowly.

Miss Maude Faeteeau is attending school and Miss Marion Walter has taken her place at Mrs. B. D. Ruggles's.

Maurice Porter and family of St. Johnsbury were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Porter Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Coburn are in Boston this week. They will visit in Milford and Walpole, N. H., on their way home.

William Buzzell is no better, and his daughter, Mrs. Florence Murch, of Mechanic's Falls, Me., is here helping to caring for him.

Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, who has been suffering with blood poisoning in her hand, returned from Brightlook hospital Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fogg are moving to Springfield, where Mr. Fogg has had work for several weeks and their tenement will be taken by Mr. Joyce of Centerville.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Turner was the scene of an attractive home wedding Wednesday evening, when their youngest daughter, Madge, was united in marriage to Mark Traflet Angell, by the groom's father, Rev. J. Q. Angell, of this place. The bride wore a dainty gown of embroidered Swiss muslin, with messaline girdle and lace trimmings and carried pink and white carnations. Her maid of honor and bridesmaid, Misses Abby and Pearl Burns were dressed in white and blue and wore carnations. Neal Badger of St. Johnsbury was best man, and the wedding march was played by Miss Pearl Densmore. The party stood under an arch of evergreen, and the rooms were prettily decorated in green and white. Light refreshments of cake and punch were served after the wedding, and while the guests were making merry the wise young couple quietly departed through a back entrance and wended their way toward St. Johnsbury, unmolested by the waiting rice and old shoes. Besides the immediate families of the bride and groom there were present the Blue Stocking club of which the bride had been a member, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parratt of St. Johnsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Angell of Brookfield and Dr. and Mrs. Angell of Randolph. After a few days in St. Johnsbury Mr. and Mrs. Angell will return to West Burke for a while. Congratulations.

SHEFFIELD

Will Tyler has moved his family to West Glover.

Peter Gochie has sold his farm and stock for \$3700.

A daughter was born recently to Mr. and Mrs. Oney Simpson.

Lewis Masure of Sutton is visiting his sister, Mrs. Chester Ash.

Lillian Pearl of St. Johnsbury visited at A. J. Griffin's last week.

Morris Blake has returned home from his work at the Speedwell farms.

Miss Vera Phillips was home from her school in Lyndon over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Lord of Lyndon were recent guests of Delia Jenness.

Mr. and Mrs. John Blake of Lyndon were Sunday visitors of their parents.

Gerald Tanner has finished work at the Speedwell farms and returned to his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie McGuire of St. Johnsbury visited at Delia Jenness's Sunday.

News has been received of the death of Mrs. George Bradley of Minneapolis, a former resident of this place.

Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Ruggles and daughter of Lyndon recently made a trip to Morrisville, Hyde Park and Johnson.

The annual meeting of the Baptist Ladies' Aid society elected the following officers at their meeting: President, Mrs. A. O. Gray; first vice-president, Mrs. Harley Bishop; second vice-president, Mrs. Harry Davis; secretary, Mrs. John Phillips; treasurer, Mrs. Ray Wood. The ladies have raised the last year, \$159.58.

SUTTON

Belle Lamorey of Barton has been visiting Mrs. E. A. LaFoe.

John Wentworth has sold his farm to Ralph Seymour of Westfield.

W. D. Wood's spent Saturday and Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Smith, in Newport.

E. I. Laclair and C. E. Coburn have had New England telephones installed in their homes.

Rev. C. R. Upton preached at the Union House Sunday afternoon. There was the usual attendance.

The Grange served their annual chicken pie supper Friday night. Fred Spencer and E. J. McConnell of Lyndonville furnished music for the dance. In spite of the bad weather there was a good crowd and all report a fine time and excellent supper.

Harold Coburn, who works in the Lyndonville creamery, fell one day last week in such a way as to break a bone in his left arm. Dr. Brown set the arm and it is doing well, although it will be several weeks before he will be able to return to his work.

SUTTON NORTH RIDGE

Mr. and Mrs. George McFarlin visited in Victory recently.

Miss Elsie Orcutt of East Haven spent the week-end with Miss Charlotte McFarlin.

F. C. Ingalls of Lancaster, N. H., was a recent guest at the home of his brother, Orin W. Ingalls.

Walter and Olive Metcalf of Barton spent the week-end at the home of their aunt, Mrs. Erwin Clark.

Miss Belle Fairbanks, who has been in Greensboro for the past few weeks, is again at home. She is in Lyndonville with her sister, Miss Louise, this week.

Misses Charlotte McFarlin and Louise Fairbanks, who have been going back and forth on the train to Lyndon, are now rooming at Lyndonville.

"Chasing the pig" is still the favorite game on the Ridge. Edwin Curtis's pig is now furnishing amusement for all. Mr. Dean's pig is captured at last.

SUTTON SUMMIT

Card of Thanks—We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to all those who kindly assisted us in our recent trouble by accident of our little daughter, Effie, also the school at Willoughby for the gold locket and chain and others for flowers and gifts.

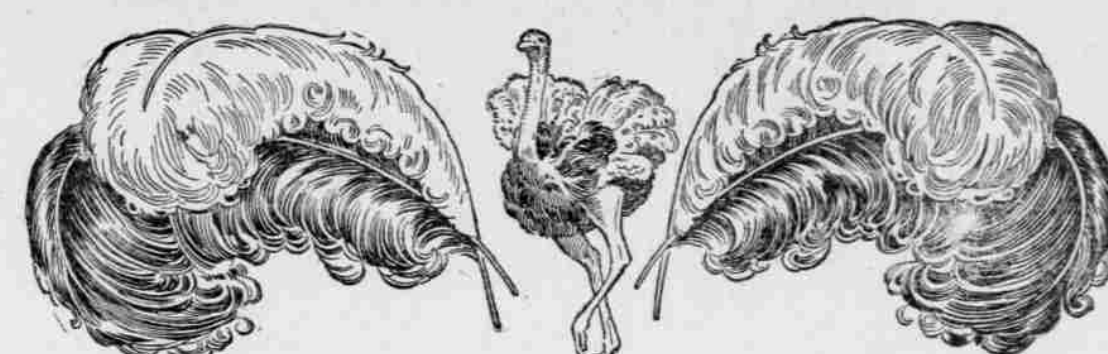
Mr. and Mrs. Orrin Gray. Clark, Vt.

Cottage Cheese Hint.

In making cottage cheese use an enameled ware colander in which to which to press it. Any milk product is very easily affected by its surroundings, and a metal colander may not only give a flavor, but is apt also to slightly darken the cheese, which should be of snowy whiteness.

After it has thoroughly drained add salt, a good sized piece of butter and a tablespoonful of sweet cream. Mix, cool on ice and serve while fresh.

Specials for November



During the month of November I shall offer Special Bargains on Saturday and Monday of each week.

Next Saturday and Monday I shall sell my regular \$5.00 French Plume at \$3.50. These are strictly first grade goods and well worth the regular price. They will not be sold less than the regular price only on the days stated.

Watch this space for November Bargains. Something new each week.

MRS. C. L. HUTCHINS

DAVIS BLOCK,

BARTON, VT.

HAND EMBROIDER

Only seven weeks before Christmas. You will want to buy that article this week which you intend as a Christmas gift. My store is full of attractive needlework, with all of the latest novelties.

MISS COLBURN

THE GIFT SHOP

BARTON,

VERMONT

War upon Pain!

Pain is a visitor to every home and usually it comes quite unexpectedly. But you are prepared for every emergency if you keep a small bottle of Sloan's Liniment handy. It is the greatest pain killer ever discovered.

Simply laid on the skin—no rubbing required—it drives the pain away instantly. It is really wonderful.

Sloan's Liniment



for RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS, SORE MUSCLES

The "Single Damper" in Crawford Ranges

is the greatest improvement ever made in stoves. By one motion it regulates fire and oven—push the knob to "Kindle", "Bake", or "Check"—the range does the rest. Better than two or more dampers. Have you seen it? This Single Damper is patented—no other range has it.



The deep Ash Hod—instead of the old clumsy ash pan—with Coal Hod beside it (patented) is easy to remove—doesn't spill ashes.

Gas ovens if desired; end [single] or elevated [double].

For Sale by H. T. SEAVER Barton Agent

Walker & Pratt Mfg. Co., Makers, Boston